THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS

GHOSTS.

Twelve by the chime; from idle dreams awaking.
I trim my lamp and mount the creaking stair;
The shadows through the carven arches shaking
Seem mocking phantoms that pursue me there.

The faded portraits in the lamp-light's glamour
Look down with cold, inquisitorial gaze;
The sculptured busts, the knights in rusted armor,
Loom large against the window's pictured maze.

Thick dust falls from the time-worn, tattered hangings,
Thick dust lies on the tessellated floor;
My step sounds loud, the door's sepulchral clangings
Roll far along the gusty corridor.

Ah me! amid my dwelling's desolation
It seems some fable that my brain recalls,
That once a glad and gallant generation
Loved, laughed and feasted in these lonely halls.

Silent the voice of song, and hushed the laughter,
Cheerless and cold the empty banquet-room;
The spider weaves in gilded groin and rafter,
The shrill wind whistles through the vaulted gloom.

Vanished these dear ones, by what hidden highways,
In what far regions, o'er what stormy waves,
I know not, nor in what oblivious byways
The sere grass sighs above their nameless graves.

And yet, as if my soul's imperious longing
Were as a spell unspoken yet supreme,
Pale shapes seem through the hollow darkness thronging,
Like those wan visitants which haunt a dream.

They gather round me in the silent spaces,
Like clouds across the waning twilight blown,
Till all the room is filled with flickering faces
And hovering hands that reach to wring my own.

With friendly greeting and familiar gesture,
Wearing the form and feature that they wore
When youth and beauty clothed them like a vesture,
They come, the unforgotten ones of yore.

On cheek and brow I feel their chill caresses,
Like cold, faint airs of autumns long ago;
I hear the sighing of their ghostly tresses,
The trailing of their garments to and fro.

Up from the gulfs of time, the blind abysses,
Those radiant phantoms of the past arise,
And bring again the perfume of their kisses,
The peril and the splendor of their eyes.

But cold their lips, they breathe no warm affection,
And cold their breasts as frozen shapes of snow;
Their luminous eyes are but a vague reflection,
Stray starbeams in the ice-bound stream below.

'Tis well; nay, if by spell or incantation
The loved and lost I might again behold,
Breathing and warm in youth's bright incarnation,
And glowing with the loveliness of old,

That word I would withhold, for their sakes only:
Estranged and changed as in a haggard dream,
Time-tossed and tempest-beaten, old and lonely,
To their young eyes what specters we should seem!

—*Charles L. Hildreth, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

A TWILIGHT SONG.

It Brought Together Wagner and His Dear Friend.

The sultry June day was wearing on. The heat was unusual for an English summer, and it seemed to rest upon every thing like a palpable weight. Even the clamorous London sparrows were silenced by it. The noise of wheels grinding on the stone pavements, when some provision-cart stopped at a neighboring back-door, seemed an impertinence to the hot stillness. To live at all, Hans Breydel thought, demanded more energy than fate had left him. He lay on a low couch in his "three-story-back" room, and panted restlessly with the heat. Six years in England had not cured him of his German expletives.

"Ach Himmel!" he groaned. "I grill! I stifle!"

Instantly his daughter came to his side. Minna Breydel was just sixteen. To her, England seemed home, for she came there a child of ten, just after the death of her mother, and she had grown into her sweet girlhood in the smoky air of the heart of London. She was a girl who made you think of a white lily—so slender was she and so fair—with her blue eyes, and her wealth of yellow hair, and the pale face, to which any sudden emotion called a flitting pink color as delicate as the tint of the apple-blossom. She had no friends, except her father. Her life had been passed in London lodgings of the humbler sort, and her father had been parent, teacher and companion, all in one. Hans Breydel was a disappointed man. He had fancied himself a musical genius long ago, and in his youth he had been a friend of Richard Wagner, and had hoped and dreamed and aspired with him. But either fate had been against Hans Breydel, or he had been mistaken in his early belief in himself.

Even in his own Germany he had achieved no shining success, though he was happy there, with the wife of his youth and his love. But when she died, the quiet scenes among which they had lived together became insupportable to him. The old longing of his boyhood for a wider and more stirring life possessed him again, and he took his violin and his little daughter and went to England. But again in London he failed to find any brilliant opening, and he had never risen higher than to be second violin in an orchestra. For the last three months his violin had been idle, and some mysterious illness had seemed to be sapping the springs of his life. Perhaps the illness had its root in his own discouraged heart, and meant hope deferred and turned into despair. At any rate, for three long months he had been the prey of this mysterious malady which sapped his strength, and beat down his courage, and turned him pale with unspoken fear. His savings of the past had so far supported him and his daughter, but now he had come to the end of this moderate hoard. Hans Breydel himself did not know that the slender purse had dwindled to its last half-crown, but Minna knew it only too sadly well. She had been brooding desperately over this state of things when her father's exclamation summoned her to his side.

"What should she do—what could she do?" she had been asking herself. Her one sole accomplishment was to sing, and she had never sung as yet for any one but her father. Her voice was not strong enough to sing in public, he had always said. In truth, he had been too jealously careful of his delicate blossom of a girl ever to contemplate for her a fate which would compel her to struggle with the world. He had trained her very thoroughly, however, vaguely thinking that "if the worst came to the worst, she could teach or somethiag." "Or something" is the stronghold of dreamers, but during those last three months it had seemed but a desperate refuge to Hans Breydel. And yet he did not guess that already "the worst" was at his door. That very morning the landlady had called Minna out, and asked for the last month's rent, which there was no money to pay.

"I don't want to be hard," the woman said, "and you've always paid punctual up to now. I'll wait a week or two longer, but more than that I can not say. I'm a poor woman, as lives by her lodgers."

"Oh, I'll get some money, somehow," Minna answered; and then she had come back into the room with her father, and sat at the window watching the hot, sleeping children in the back street below; watching them, yet taking no sense of any thing, beset by the one awful question: What could she do to keep a roof over their heads—to give her father food and care until he should get better?

The glaring sunlight shone down on the heat-stricken, listless world. It seemed to shrivel up all hopes, all illusions; to force her to contemplate the bare and terrible facts of life. Where should she turn for aid or counsel? Her baffled thoughts seemed to go up and down purposeless on the wretched treadmill of her anxious questioning, till her father's exclamation broke the evil spell, and she hastened to him, glad of the interruption. She took up a fan and waved it to and fro, but that seemed only to make the musician nervous.

"Sit down," he said; "sit down, dear heart, and sing. It may help me to forget the heat. And I want also to see what you can do."

The girl obeyed. Her fresh young voice rose on the heavy, heated air; a soaring voice, clear and sweet, conquering for the moment her father's listlessness and discomfort.

"Lieber Gott," he cried, "hear her! It is a voice of silver. Yes, she shall sing herself into the heart of the world, and it shall be good to her, but not yet—not yet. Sing yet once more the song that mine old friend wrote for me. He is a great man now, that Richard Wagner, who loved me and whom I loved in the far old days. Sing that song he wrote that day when, in the Black Forest, we had been glad together, he and I, and had talked about the future, which we thought would be all of success and of glory—the song that he put our hopes and our dreams into—sing."

A sudden thought flashed into Minna's anxious heart—a hope so sudden that it almost made her breathless. A door seemed to open all at once.

"Father," she said, "he is in London, even now. Let me go to him! He loved you once; he will help you now."

"Help!" Hans Breydel cried, hotly, raising himself in his bed as he spoke. "Help! I will have none of his help. We will help ourselves and each other. Shall I, who walked in the old days by Richard Wagner's side, grovel at his feet now; I, who have failed, at his feet, who has succeeded? Not so; not so; but sing me yet once more his song, my heart's Minna."

And Minna sang. The clear, sweet voice uttered its cry of music, and one standing outside the door heard. When the song was over, Dr. Greenfield, who had been listening to it from without, came in, and made his visit to Hans Breydel. When he left, he beckoned Minna out, and spoke to her in the entry.

"He will never get well in this place," he said, gravely. "He needs to be taken out of this hot air, this close little room. He needs a change; sea air, good food, all sorts of things that he lacks here."

And at that, Minna cried out, impatiently:

"Why not say he needs a dukedom, a palace? There is as much chance of it as of what you say he must have."

"Yet it must be had, somehow. That voice of yours ought to help. I don't quite see the way yet; I must think. I shall come again to-morrow."

When he had gone down stairs, Minna Breydel returned to her thoughts. He had said that voice of hers ought to do something. At any rate, it was their only hope. What could she do? She could not get scholars in a moment, and if she had them, how could she leave her father untended while she taught them? And yet she must, must do something.

There was no hope of even a roof over their heads for more than a week to come, and food—how long could they exist on the single half-crown in her purse, to say nothing of the luxuries her father's state demanded? Just then a hand-organ man stopped in the little back street under her window and played some familiar air of the day, and suddenly the thought came to her that she would go out by-and-by and sing; and if, indeed, her voice were what Dr. Greenfield thought, it might be that some kind people would care to hear, and perhaps she might at least do as well as the hand-organ man, and get a few shillings to help them along for a little while; and then perhaps her father would get better, and—who knew what? Great Field of Conjecture, to which youth is forever heir, how soon do we lose the key to your enchantments, as the day of life wears on! And yet, youth is, after all, right, and the unexpected is forever happening.

It was, altogether, a restless day for Hans Breydel. The song which Wagner had written for him when they were young together had carried him back through many a winding path to the old days, and again his heart beat with the old loves and hopes and ambitions. She came back to him from her far-off place—the gentle wife he had loved so long and well, and who had been gone from him for so many silent years. He forgot the changes and disappointments of the empty years since, and dreamed the old dreams. Meantime, Minna dreamed also, sitting beside him; dreamed her young dream of to-day; how she would sing to some purpose at last, and how perhaps some manager would hear her—she had heard of Rachel—and she would be chosen of fortune and beloved of fate in the future; but, first of all, she would be able to help, in the present, this dear father of hers, and turn the dark days bright.

And so the hours wore on, and night drew nigh. She gave her father some beef-tea, and for her own supper she made a bit of bread do duty. And at last the twilight fell—the long summer twilight, that always seems so much longer in London than anywhere else. And seeing her father drowsily inclined, she asked him if she might go out for a breath of fresh air. Had he been less sleepy he would have been surprised at this so unusual request; but as it was he gave his consent, and, having exacted a parting promise from the landlady to look after him now and then, Minna Breydel started out to test, for the first time, the uncertain humor of the world. Once out of the door, her heart began to fail her. How should she, how could she, raise her voice to sing—she, who had grown up in the shade, and had never, in all her life, sung for any other listener than her father? But from the very thought of that father she must gather courage. What joy it would be to help him!

Some impulse urged her to get quite away from home, and beyond the probability of meeting any familiar faces before she began. She wandered on and on, until she came near Kensington Gardens. Once or twice she was about to lift up her voice, and was deterred by some gaze which seemed to her curious or impertinent. She paused, at length, before a pleasant house where were frequent musical gatherings in a quiet street of Kensington. The drawing-room windows were open, and their soft, white curtains stirred with the soft breath of the evening. Who might be behind those curtains? What fate for her did they vail?

A star had risen and looked down at her from the far-off summer sky—her star, she thought, shining with hope. They must be music-lovers in the house, for some one struck, with the touch of a master, a few chords on a piano, as if to illustrate something that was said. With the sound Minna's courage rose, and she broke the following silence with an uncertain note. Then her voice grew stronger, and she sang:

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean."

The tender sweetness of her voice seemed like a part of the gentle dusk. The low wind stirring the leaves, the cloud-like white wings scarcely moving across the blue, the faint breath of the dew-wet roses, all belonged to her, and she and they were as one. Behind the white curtains two men listened—good comrades, who had been talking together of pleasant plans and pleasant memories.

"Hark!" cried one of them. "That voice—how beautiful! It is the soul of the twilight."

And then both men listened quietly till the song was over. There was a moment's silence—and then, moved by a sudden impulse, the girl began to sing that other song which Richard Wagner had written for her father—that song "of wonder and hope," full of present joy and future promise. Soft as love itself the voice arose—strong as hope it climbed toward heaven. The men heard it, and one of them—the one who had spoken before—reached out and grasped his comrade's hand.

"Listen! listen!" he whispered, and the two seemed hardly to breathe until the song was over. Then suddenly the elder of the two sprang from his seat, almost threw himself down the stairs in his hurry, and stood before Minna Breydel.

"Who are you?" he cried. "I wrote that song—I! It was printed never. It was my gift to my heart's friend, when we were young together. Who are you—*who?*"

"Minna Breydel," the girl answered, gently.

"And your father—he is Hans Breydel?"

"And I, girl, I am his friend of youth—I am Richard Wagner. I made the song that you have sung—I. I have lost him for many years—my friend of youth. Is he, perhaps, dead? Why are you here—you alone—singing the song of youth and of love—the song that was sacred to him and me—in the streets of London? Ach Himmel! he is dead."

"No, but he is ill—has been ill long—ill and poor; and we had no more any money, and I came out to sing, in the hope that some one might find pleasure in my voice. And I sang that song because it was the song of friendship, and my father loves it—he and I love it—beyond all songs in the world."

"He is ill—he suffers? Dear child, take me to him, and now!"

And the great musician called a passing cab. Up-stairs he went, for his hat and a word of explanation to his friend; and then, in the space of a moment, as it seemed, he and Minna were upon their way. As they drove, Herr Wagner asked the girl countless questions, and before they reached their destination he was in possession of Hans Breydel's whole history. When they alighted, he said:

"You shall show me the way—but you shall not speak. I will go in, the first; and I will speak, and I will see if the friend of the old time shall know me."

Together they climbed the stairs; and then Minna threw open the door of the three-story-backroom, and motioned Herr Wagner to enter. Darkness had gathered, and no light had been lighted; and the sick man turned impatiently on his couch.

"Have you come at length and at last?" he cried. "Ach, but the time has been long, and you should have fresh air enough by now."

"It is I who come—I!" said the deep voice from the door-way. "Hans, Hans Breydel, knowest thou me not?"

And there burst a cry of welcome from the sick man's lips.

"Richard, is it thou—thou!" and then, in a sterner voice, "but she has disobeyed me. I forbade her to seek thee."

"And she obeyed. She sought me not. She can not be blamed. She but sang under my window, knowing not that it was mine, the old song of youth and hope and love—the song I gave thee when we had wandered and dreamed and been happy together in the Black Forest, in the long-ago time. And I remembered the old days, and I went down the stair, and found her on the pavement, with her face like the moonlight, and her voice that I think must be like the songs of Heaven; and I asked how the song I had given thee could be on her lips, and she told me it all, and here am I, richer in that I have found again my old friend than in all else I have gained in London. Is the heart in thee unchanged for me, also, Hans Breydel?"

And through the darkness the weak hand of Hans Breydel reached, and the strong hand of Richard Wagner clasped and held it, and the two friends were one again, as in the days of love and hope and youth of which the song had sung. And the rest follows, as a matter of course. The highest, dearest right of love is to help the beloved; and Richard Wagner claimed that right. On the shore of the North Sea, across which German eyes can look from England towards the Fatherland, Hans Breydel spent the August and September days. And was it the breath of the sea, or the breath of hope that breathed into him new life? At any rate he grew well again. And when the world went back to town, and entertainments for the winter began, it was not hard for him whom Richard Wagner recommended, and who was Richard Wagner's friend, to get such a position as he had never held before.

Thus came prosperity to the violinist and his daughter—prosperity, and the fulfilment of long-delayed hope—and to-day, if you go to one of the prettiest homes in London, where Minna reigns as wife and mother, and Hans Breydel figures as proud grandfather, you will see—in the place of honor over the mantel-piece—richly framed, the song that Richard Wagner wrote, that Minna Breydel sang, and before it, always, a glass of fresh pansies, the flowers of remembrance: since now the great musician has gone on—where the singers are immortal, and the temples are not made with hands.

—*Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, in Youth's Companion.*

CURRENT FASHIONS.

Pretty Things in the Way of Dress, Millinery and Pleasing Knicknacks.

In the arrangement of the hair, the Spanish style is coming much in vogue, with Andalusian knots and pins.

Traveling pillows in red morocco are among the novelties of the season. They are delightfully soft and comfortable.

In capotes, colored silk lace is the latest novelty, with silk lining, bead embroidery and just a tiny cluster of soft, downlike feathers.

The preference is still for a made bow of velvet in place of tied strings for bonnets. It is now worn slightly larger and wider. For tied bonnet strings, two sets of ribbon an inch wide, velvet and faille, are used.

Round boas, made in any of the long, fluffy furs, are very fashionable. Three yards and a half is an average and popular length for a boa, but the length is altogether a matter of taste, some ladies wearing them to reach quite to the feet.

A new notion for photographs consists in a photo-album arranged on a stand so that two sides made in nickel silver draw out and support the album when open without disturbing all its surroundings. A pretty example of this is made in dark red calf painted with groups of swallows.

Plastrons are more fashionable than ever; the fronts of the bodice are either plain plaited; they remain open shawl fashion to show the plastron, and are crossed over at the waist line. The plastron is either of silk or of some fancy material which is also used in the trimming of the dress.

The shape of riding habits does not change much; still, a new style is introduced now and then, and we have, therefore, to mention the habit with bodice, much in the shape of a gentleman's dress-coat, open over a white vest or plastron, with a gentleman's collar and cravat. This bodice should be a perfect fit; it has a small postilion basque at the back. For hunting, the habit is completed by a leather belt and strap for the rifle. The skirt is much shorter than it used to be, only just covering the feet in front, but looped behind. The hat is a low-crowned gentleman's hat, with gauze scarf twisted around the brim.

An elegant evening-toilet is of moss-green French faille, put on in full gathers at the back so as to form a puff. Tablier of ivory-white lace, draped up on the right side and falling in an ample quilling down to the edge of the skirt; on the left it falls in bias plaits. Bodice of moss-green plush, open in the shape of a heart in front, with narrow revers, and trimmed with a lace drapery commencing from the shoulders, fastened with a rose in the middle of the breast, and thence draped across to the left hip, where it is lost under the bodice. There are no sleeves to this bodice, but only a bow of moss-green faille on the left shoulder.—*N. Y. World.*

An Heir to Millions.

Bagley—Say no more, Aurelia, I forbid the match. Young Spriggs may be a gentleman, but he is poor.

Aurelia—But he is one of the heirs to the great Hogg estate of sixty-four millions.

"Nothing of the sort, girl, he is deceiving thee."

"Why, pa, I'm sure he told me that he is one of the lawyers engaged to defend the will."—*Philadelphia Call.*

FLOWER LORE.

How the Philosophy of a People Imprints Itself on the Surroundings of Life.

To this day the flower lore of Europe remains strongly associated with Christian mythology, and from the way flowers mixed themselves with legends of the Virgin or St. John the Baptist we may learn how, in an earlier epoch, they entered into the stories of Zeus, Hercules, Indra or Osiris. As the caroub bean came to be called St. John's bread, gooseberries his grapes, and the wormwood his girdle, so in the Vedas, one plant is known as Indra's food, and another as his drink. Just as in Roman times numberless plants were named after Hercules, it would be difficult to enumerate all the plants which claimed to be Our Lady's tears, her tresses, her mantle, or her smock. Thus does the general philosophy of a people tend to imprint itself on the common surroundings of life. In the flax fields of Flanders grows a plant called the rood-selken, the red spots on whose bright green leaves betoken the blood which fell on it from the cross, and which no subsequent rain or snow has ever yet been able to erase. In Palestine the same account is given of the colors of the red anemone, and in Cheshire of the spots on the *orchis maculata*. The crown of thorns has in Germany given to the holly (holy tree) the name of Christdorn, while in France it has caused the hawthorn to be called the "noble thorn," (*l'epine noble,*) and in Italy it has been associated with the barberry. Catholic fancy believed that the St. John's wort showed red spots on the anniversary of the beheading of the Baptist, and perceived in the passion flower of Peru the resemblance of nails. In the same way the Turks see in the geranium a mallow that was touched by the garments of Mohammed, while the Chinese see in tea leaves the eyelids of a pious hermit, who, to resist his inclination to sleep, cut them off in despair and threw them away. There is, however, a rather remarkable monotony in the poetical fancies about flowers to which their various peculiarities have given rise. White flowers, as a rule, spring from tears, red ones from blushes or from blood. Thus in Bion's Idyl, anemones represent the tears shed by Venus for Adonis, while lilies-of-the valley are in France the Virgin's tears. Catullus has it that the rose is red from blushing for the wound it inflicted on the foot of Venus as she hastened to help Adonis; but, according to Herrick, roses lost their whiteness when after being worsted in a comparison of their whiteness with that of Sappho's breast, they blushed and "first came red." So in Ovid, the fruit of the mulberry was originally white, till, after witnessing beneath it the sad suicide of Pyramus and Thisbe, it blushed for shame forever. In Germany the heath owes its color to the blood of the heathen slain in the sanguinary conversions of Charlemagne; the inhabitants of the uncultivated fields, where the heath *(heide)* grew, coming to be called heathen, *(heide,)* much as in South Europe the inhabitants of the villages remote from the influence of the church came to be called pagans from *pagus*, a village; so that our word heathen appears to be a derivative from our word heath.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

VALUE OF ACTIVITY.

The Effects of Idleness Upon the Condition of Young Women.

Wholesome regular occupation of some sort is a necessity. You can not afford to be idle. Physically you can not afford it. Not while you are a creature of flesh and blood can you escape the law that activity means growth and health, and that idleness means deterioration.

In the mere matter of beauty idleness is a loss as truly as excessive drudgery. The erect, dignified carriage, the firm, elastic step, the well-rounded arm, are not to be won by days passed on the sofa or hammock with a novel in the hand; nor are the maiden bloom, the clear, fresh complexion, the modest, thoughtful, yet animated glance, to be kept amid late hours in heated rooms and exciting pleasures.

Idleness invariably gives rise to a craving for excitement which may drive away the *ennui* which is its penalty. But excitement persistently followed is the source of all manner of nervous disorders, resulting at last in the production of the languid, nervous, hysterical creature, into which the gay young woman so often degenerates.

This craving for excitement is a prevalent characteristic of the young woman of to-day, especially in our cities. So marked is it that, as a thoughtful woman whose life has been devoted to the training of young women observed to me, even church work has little charm for many of those who engage in it, unless done in a kind of theatrical way.

The effect of idleness, too, is to turn the thoughts in a morbid degree upon one's own condition, to magnify trifling ailments into grave maladies, and eventually, by sheer force of the mind's influence upon the body, to convert the rigorous, energetic girl into an interesting invalid.—*Womanhood.*

Restoring Faded Ink.

A useful discovery is announced whereby the faded ink on old parchments may be so restored as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water and passing over the lines of writing a brush, which has been wet in a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color, and this color in the case of parchment it will preserve. On paper, however, the color gradually fade again, though it may be restored at pleasure by the application of the sulphide. The explanation of the chemical action of this substance is very simple; the iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed by reaction into the black sulphide.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—It is now proposed to make the Los Angeles river, California, navigable by the construction of a series of locks.

HEROIC JOHN MILLER.

Career of a Recently Deceased Man Who Saved Thirty-Eight People from Drowning.

The greatest experience of Miller's life occurred on the 16th of June, 1853, when the steamer C. P. Griffith, with 480 passengers on board, burned to the water's edge in Lake Erie, off Willoughby. Nearly every soul on board was ost by drowning. The Griffith was a regular passenger steamer, plying between Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit. A few days before the steamer was lost she had been laid up for repairs, and every portion of her had been freshly painted. On the fatal night she was coming up from Buffalo, heavily laden. When off the Chagrin river a fire was discovered in her hold. Her captain ordered her headed toward shore. She struck the bar about half a mile out, and slowly burned away. The passengers plunged into the lake and were drowned by hundreds. Miller was taken to the spot in a tug from this city. He dived almost continually for three days, and recovered nearly three hundred bodies. Miller could only be induced to relate this incident occasionally. He often said that visions of the almost numberless dead lifted from the waters would sometimes come before his eyes and make his life miserable. On the 9th of August, 1881, the Cleveland Board of Trade presented Miller with a valuable gold medal in recognition of his valor. Mayor Gardner offered the resolution, which was adopted unanimously. Miller was much overcome by this act of courtesy, and wore the medal on the lapel of his coat ever afterward. The day before the presentation Miller rescued a man who was capsized in a boat near Vermillion. Miller was near by when the boat went over. He plunged into the water and made straight for the victim, who could not swim a stroke. The terrified man seized Miller by the arm with a death-like grip. Both were stfil under water and both seemed likely to drown. The old diver gave the man a terrible blow in the stomach which caused him to relax his hold. He then seized him by the hair and swam ashore. Five or six years ago Paul Boynton came to Cleveland to give an exhibition of his ability to disport himself in the water. Miller asked permission to accompany the party that was to go out in the boat with Boynton, and he was allowed to go. A heavy sea was on, and Boynton's experiments were only partly successful. Miller, however, gave a startling exhibition. He dived from the wheel-house of the steamer and came up calm and collected on the other side of the ship. He sprang into the white caps, lay on his back in the water, remained under water until almost everyone thought him dead, and did many other almost impossible feats to the great delight of everybody. In November, 1875, a little girl fell into the river from Central Way bridge. Miller was sent for, but did not reach the spot for over four minutes. The little one had gone down for the third time, but Miller rescued her and restored her to consciousness. On one occasion, while the old diver was at Put-in Bay a lady let a cluster diamond pin, worth $700, fall into the lake where the water was about eighteen feet deep. Miller went to the bottom a half-dozen times, but finally recovered the treasure, and was rewarded with a new hundred dollar bill. On July 15, 1855, the scow Louise, of Detroit, went aground and capsized in a fierce gale, just outside the harbor. All of the crew came ashore save a woman named Jane Brown, who was left clutching the ropes. The lake was frightfully rough, but Miller went out to the ship in a tug, got a line to the scow, and towed her into deep water. Then he swam to the scow and rescued the woman. Two or three years ago, when several disasters occurred at Put-in Bay, Miller asked the local authorities if it would not be well for him to go to that island during the excursion season and do what good he could. He was persuaded not to go, but the voluntary proposition illustrates his kindness of heart and his generous nature.

For forty years he lived close by the river and lake, where his services could be procured on very short notice. Of the thirty-eight persons he has saved from drowning nearly all have been residents of Cleveland. Many fathers and mothers and many husbands and wives have gladly acknowledged that the debt of gratitude due the old diver was greater than could ever be paid.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Lincoln's Literary Style.

The errors of grammar and construction which spring invariably from an effort to avoid redundancy of expression remained with him through life. He seemed to grudge the space required for necessary parts of speech. But his language was at twenty-two, as it was thirty years later, the simple and manly attire of his thought, with little attempt at ornament and none at disguise. There was an intermediate time when he sinned in the direction of fine writing; but this ebullition soon passed away, and left that marvelously strong and transparent style in which his two inaugurals were written.—*Nicolay and Hay, in Century.*

What It Was Meant For.

"Maria, I wish you would keep still," said Brown, trying to write. "Your tongue is like Tennyson's brook, it goes on forever."

"Humph!" answered Mrs. B., indignantly. "I suppose you think that's a joke."

"Well, I meant it as a sort of gag."—*St. Louis Whip.*

—To polish glass and remove slight scratches, rub the surface gently, first with a clean pad of fine cotton wool and afterward with a similar pad covered with cotton velvet which has been charged with fine rouge. The surface will, under this treatment, acquire a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from the presence of any scratches.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Natural gas accumulating in the stove in a Pittsburgh public school exploded the other day without hurting any one, but the children all gained a half holiday.